

combustion of tar and other materials used in waterproofing the tunnel.

A gang of men was at work within a few feet of where the fire started, and the flames spread rapidly along that extent of the tunnel where the fireproofing had been completed; then when it reached the bare tube it burned itself out.

Those who got out first joined the volunteers who went down into the shaft for rescue work. Several of the men were overcome, but revived upon getting to the surface again. The first rescue party was driven back by the flames and smoke without finding a man. A second party went down immediately afterward and recovered four unconscious men. Then a third party got four more, and in a final effort all but one of those who were overcome were found and lifted to the surface.

Try to Revive Victims.

When the eleven men were taken to the hospital they were so far gone that it was necessary to pump oxygen into them. Symptoms of pneumonia immediately developed, and it is very rarely that tunnel workers survive under such circumstances.

George Wilson, a tunnel worker who escaped, said that he was working in the tunnel at the time the fire started. "When the fire started," he said, "it was accompanied by an explosion that shook the tunnel, loosening boulders and bringing down a few small stones and dirt upon us. Then the clouds of stifling, tarry smoke rolled down on us and blinded our eyes."

"A strong current of air rushed down the Homestead portal and then along the tunnel to Shippen street several thousand feet away. The smoke was carried along in a blinding cloud. We were too far away from Shippen street to see the fire, but the current of air blew us away from the current of air. We were only a little way from the current and were compelled to drop on our hands and knees and grope along. Finally we were forced to turn about and go with the draught to Shippen street."

"Those who remained in an upright position were bowled over by the small stones and dirt upon us. Then the clouds of stifling, tarry smoke rolled down on us and blinded our eyes."

"The company," he said, "were only two or three miles from the tunnel. I was on the statement that there are twenty dead there now."

BARON TAKAHIRA NEW AMBASSADOR TO WASHINGTON.

(Continued from First Page.)

statement regarding his mission abroad.

He said there were two classes of Japanese in America—day laborers, of whom there were 15,000, and agriculturalists. It was against the agriculturalists that the Japanese government was raising its objection to the immigration of the former.

Baron Takahira described the existing economic conditions in America and explained the method of State self-government in the United States. He said that between the United States and the Japanese middle class of Americans and foreign laborers suffered from the same conditions. The Japanese agriculturalists generally were successful.

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SAYS BOOKKEEPER STOLE.

Joseph Graef, forty-three years old, of No. 63 Hill street, West Hoboken, N. J., was arrested yesterday afternoon at the office of the Ludwig Harburger Leather Company, No. 6 Duane street, where for three years he has been employed as bookkeeper. The warrant was issued by Magistrate Butts at the instance of the leather concern. It is charged that Graef has defrauded the firm out of \$4,000.

For coughs and throat disorders, use "Brow's" Bronchitis Troches. Their efficacy proved by a test of many years. Sold only in boxes, 25c, 50c, and \$1.00.

Help Wanted To-Day!

As advertised for in The Morning World's Want Directory.

THURSDAY DEC. 5, 1907.	
Addressers	7
Agents	15
Apprentices	4
Bakers	1
Blacksmiths	1
Bookbinders	2
Boys	4
Butchers	15
Blindly Help	6
Cabinet-Makers	2
Carpenters	12
Cashiers	9
Chambermaids	14
Clerks	4
Collectors	3
Compositors	10
Cooks (Male)	9
Cooks (Female)	12
Cottagers	2
Dramsmakers	11
Dentists	4
Dishwashers	3
Drivers	2
Druggists	9
Elevator Runners	2
Embroiderers	2
Engineers	6
Engravers	1
Feeders	11
Fishermen	2
Fitters	2
Fruiters	2
Foremen	6
Grocery Clerks	2
Guards	1
Total	140

The World printed 740 Help Advertisements to-day—370 more than all other New York papers combined.

KNOCKOUT DROPS SOLE "CURE" GIVEN TO INSANE PATIENTS

"Dope" in Single and Double Doses Is Only Treatment They Receive From Staff Physician, Says Dr. John C. McCarthy.

BY DR. JOHN C. MCCARTHY.

In the articles heretofore published in The Evening World under my name, I have dealt with only one phase of the conditions at Ward's Island. I wish now to treat the subject from a somewhat different point of view.

This viewpoint is all the more agreeable from the fact that I cannot by any stretch of the imagination be accused of complicity in those things which I relate, nor can the officials of Ward's Island or elsewhere point in excuse or extenuation to some poor unfortunate patient and say that he did this or that or the other.

I wish first to ask the reason why Ward 40 was left for days and days at a time without a visit from any doctor? Grant that the ward physician, Dr. Phillips, made almost daily visits to the patients on the exercise grounds. Could he examine them there in the open air in the month of October, when many of the days were cold and raw?

Could he, by making ten or a dozen visits to the ward during the month, ascertain the conditions that prevailed, and become conversant with the course and progress of each case intrusted to his care? Could he, by a cursory visit made once, or even twice a day, direct intelligently the classification of his patients, and assign them to the proper wards for treatment?

For I presume that there is some sort of classification and some vague attempt at treatment for the insane. The book of instruction to attendants says that the State hospitals are maintained for their care and cure.

"DOPE" THE ONLY TREATMENT IN WARD 40.

Now, let me detail what was the treatment pursued in Ward 40 of the Manhattan State Hospital, during October.

Three times a day a tray containing five or six glasses of a dark green mixture came on to the ward. Each glass was marked with a patient's name, and usually was about half filled. What this mixture was composed of I was unable to find out, but it was familiarly known as "dope."

It was sometimes dumped into a bottle to be kept in reserve and used at the discretion of an attendant, but more frequently one patient's "dope" was poured into that of another, and the double dose given. The patient whose medicine was kept away from him was probably at the time quiet, the other patient noisy.

Such a case I have recorded in my diary on Friday, Oct. 18: "Lipshitz too doped this morning to go to breakfast. Attendant G. stayed with him."

And now consider these other entries: Monday, Oct. 21—Joe doped this A. M.; had to be carried between two men to his breakfast and to his exercise; fell several times going to exercise.

Wednesday, Oct. 23—Lipshitz was singing before breakfast, and Attendant F. gave him a full glass of dope. He went to sleep after breakfast, and staggered to exercise.

Saturday, Oct. 26—Patient Aiello was so doped that he had to be carried to exercise. He slept on the bench on the grounds, and it was impossible to arouse him, even when Dr. Phillips made his rounds. After the exercise hour he had to be carried across the field on the backs of two men (patients). I was delegated to take him up the back stairs in order to avoid observation, but presume I was not wise enough, and Attendant B. usurped my position. Aiello was put to bed in the second room from the recess (south).

WHY THE PERCENTAGE OF CURES IS SMALL.

When it is considered that those five or six glasses of "dope" the effect whereof has just been illustrated, constituted the annu total of the "treatment" which I saw given during the month of October, it will be readily explained why the percentage of cures in the Manhattan State Hospital is extremely small.

What wonder the attendants, with this example of five or six glasses of "dope" before them as the result of the combined wisdom of thirty-three physicians, should endeavor in their crude way to supply a deficiency that is only too apparent?

Of course, the patients are fed, clothed, bathed, shaved and so forth. But treatment? No!

"Treatment" Yes! They arise at 6 o'clock in the morning, are driven into the recess, and there they sit until 9.30. They go out to march around the yard, and most are permitted a restricted freedom. They come into dinner, after which they sit and listen to each other's insane jabber. A few of them "get on to those polliwogs." If they try to wander out of the recesses they are driven back. At 2.30 or 3 P. M. they are marched out to exercise. After that they make their beds and sit, go to supper and sit, or polish and go to bed.

This, not forgetting the several glasses of dope, constitutes the humane and scientific "treatment" in Ward 40 for the care and cure of the insane.

CAUGHT RED-HANDED AT PINOCHIE.

There are absolutely no diversions. Two newspapers are received in the ward, paid for by friends of the patients. There is practically no other amusement.

On Friday, Oct. 18, between the hours of 7 and 8—an hour when I was really doing extra duty—I was caught playing cards with Patients Dietz and Widmayer. The ward was quiet, and there was nothing for me to do. It was their urgent request, and as they were both Germans you will readily see what chance I had against them when I say that the game was pinochle. An attendant tried to warn me of my danger, but I was caught red-handed in the atrocious act, and I tried to brazen it out.

A little fellow came over, and in a piping voice told me that I "must stop that," and that I wasn't paid for any such work as that. Of course, there was nothing else for me to do but to wink away sheepishly and take my stand before the recess, where there were already two attendants "pinochling in kindness."

At that time I had not been given a book of instructions to read over, and I was making a sort of a test case. When these instructions were given to me, a few days before I left, I found the attendants were forbidden to play games with patients.

I can, of course, see a reason why this might be best; but I would seem as though some innocent diversion might be provided besides the infernal polliwog. It could be urged that Ward 40 is a so-called violent ward. That lends me to consider another phase of the subject, namely, the classification of patients.

MILD CASES PENNED WITH TH VIOLENT.

But it ever occurs to the physicians on the numerous visits which they don't make that Durcia Dickman, thirty-two years old, was out of place among such a lot of noisy chronic and incurables? His illness was of less than six months duration, and he was summarized as suffering from a psychosis, from which there is hope of cure?

In the environment which I have pictured, and the treatment which I have described, all that can be done for this big, handsome-looking fellow? Is it just to him, who is, perhaps, the cleanest and most particular man in the ward, that

he should be put to sleep in the same room with the man whose habits are the dirtiest?

Is it right, if these patients are really violent, that two of them should be locked in the same room together ever night? It may be urged that the ward is overcrowded. Are there no patients that can be transferred?

Here is "Julius Rus, five feet four inches, 106 pounds, mental examination"—this is copied from the record of his case—"tough and suspicious; mumbled to himself; rather depressed; food and sleep sufficient; compliant; doing in a violent ward? He also, is a recent case. He isn't big enough to do any of the braver harm, and he is quiet and compliant he isn't violent enough to friction away the doctor. Couldn't he be transferred to some ward where the heads—the men of experience—make more visits than once a month and "like the patients better?" Perhaps they might suggest some form of treatment besides incarceration in a den and a few beatings.

Take the case of Henry Glinabauer, who is just fretting his mind and life away pacing to and fro, like a caged lion, in the little space at the back of the police station. Every once in a while some mischievous patient will tantalize him into an assault. Couldn't anything be done for this boy besides caging him like some wild animal? I saw him only a few months ago when he passed through the psychopathic ward at Bellevue, and the change in that short time is frightful.

CURE OVERCROWDING BY CURING CASES.

Do the authorities expect that James Hogan is going to get any better with out anything being done for him except to place him in his surroundings and under unfavorable influences? If there is no treatment for the insane besides "dope," why not go back to the middle ages and call our institutions "bedlams?" I might go on and enumerate patient after patient who is quiet, intelligent, compliant and clean. Here they are in daily contact with sights and men that must be very repulsive to them.

Why are they here? One has perhaps written a letter. Another has demanded his freedom too strenuously. Another has run away towards the river to drown himself in Hell Gate—and why not? I frequently have heard patients state that the ward rather than the cell is the place for them. They are not to be subjected. It is not the occasional feelings they receive that make life unbearable. It is the monotony, the confinement, the neglect, the sneers, the utter hopelessness of their position. All these, and more, are the things which make them unhappy and which tend to undermine their mentality so that they become perpetual charges upon the State of New York.

If the hospital on Ward's Island is overcrowded a good way to relieve the congestion would be to cure some of the patients and send them out.

The cure only be accomplished by going into the wards, rolling up the sleeves, learning the condition of the patients by actual observation and contact, and then personally planning or directing some course of treatment.

When the surgeon performs an operation he rolls up his sleeves; when a physician assumes charge of the case he actually goes into the sick room and lays down a scheme of treatment. He doesn't stay in his office and mix up sixty of his patients in a heterogeneous jumble and then give them all the same thing.

THEY ARE CAREFUL OF THE BEDSPRINGS.

I understand that the Manhattan State Hospital is a vast institution, but there are thirty-two or thirty-three doctors there, one to every 120 patients. What physician in private practice could exist if he had only 120 patients to look out for? I know many whose clientele runs way up into the thousands, and they take care of them and accomplish results.

There is too much dilatoriness among the physicians in public institutions, much dirt pot. They go into the institution young men, they are housed and fed well and paid sufficient to satisfy their narrow tastes. They rarely see or meet men whose accomplishments would stimulate them to originality. Contrary to the usual law, the better they do not survive. They get out and they get out. The institution is a vast one, and they are perfectly self-satisfied and settle down complacently to occupy that elevated social status that is the birthright of a doctor in an institution. Gradually they ascend the ladder of fame as one above them dies or resigns.

This is evolved in many cases the modern alienist, who can examine a case and testify on it from any standpoint whatsoever. What wonder that the highest conception these men have of their duty is to keep their wards clean and their patients quiet?

It was said that one of the higher medical officials made his visits to Ward 40 while the patients were out. At any rate, though he was in charge, he never made a visit to Ward 40 while the patients were in.

The following story was told me by an assistant supervisor. He complained through the ward doctor, that the practice of putting out mattresses on the grass made them cold and damp for the patients at night. The physician told him to get different sheets, which he didn't have, and so the patients slept on the damp sheets and mattresses. Later this man complained to the physician who is said to make his visits to Ward 40 when the patients are out, and he immediately stopped the practice. But for what reason do you suppose? Because it was injurious to the health of the patients? Not at all; but because IT WOULD RUIN THE BED SPRINGS.

SHIVERING IN COLD BEDS.

What is the Manhattan State Hospital—a school of housekeeping, or a benevolent and charitable institution for the care and preservation of women and children?

While we are on the bed question, let me ask if it ever occurred to the higher officials of Ward's Island, when they were sitting in their cozy libraries, or entertaining in their luxurious parlors, or probing in their warm chambers, that at that moment during the month of October nine patients in Ward 40 were shivering in insufficient bed clothing? With no heat on in the ward, a temperature ranging from 45 to 55, no mattress, only a blanket to lay beneath them on a spring and two miserable blankets to cover them, there they shivered night after night.

Do the physicians in charge think, with some of their 322 a month attendants, that "them sons of guns ain't got no feelings?" They would probably term it anaesthesia. These nine patients who were without mattresses were not of unclean habits. Some two or three of them might have been occasionally, but there are resources under such circumstances and incidents that have been called horrors by the press. In conclusion let me say that what appeared to me as the greatest horror of all was the lack of employment or entertainment and the lack of friendly intercourse between attendant and patient. This I have not as yet touched upon.

**NEW YORKERS IN
WRECK OF FLYER
ON PENNSYLVANIA**

Jersey People Also Among Score Injured When Two Pullmans Are Smashed.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 5.—The Atlantic Express train, No. 8, eastbound on the Pennsylvania Railroad, was wrecked to-day a few minutes after it had left the Union Station. A majority of the passengers on two Pullman cars were injured, thirteen so seriously as to require medical attention.

The wreck was caused by either a frozen switch or a too hasty throwing of the switch. It is said, with the result that two Pullman cars were thrown from the tracks and were sidwiped by two express cars that were being shifted into the station.

THE INJURED.

Mrs. R. F. STEVENS, aged seventy, No. 13 Stanley road, South Orange, N. J., believed to be internally injured, cut about head and body.

Miss MARY STEVENS, her daughter, body badly cut.

Miss M. O. STEVENS, another daughter, body arms and legs injured.

Miss MARGARET T. FEENEY, Montgomery, N. J., cut and bruised.

THOMAS J. JOHNSON, City, and his wife, both seriously cut on head and body.

J. A. SWEENEY, Philadelphia; cut and bruised.

CHARLES JOHNSON, New York; arms and body badly injured.

THOMAS CLARKSON, Cooney, New Mex.; hurt internally.

Miss E. M. OHLSEN, Brooklyn; cut and bruised.

Mrs. J. L. SHEPHERD, Manila, P. I.; limbs and head injured.

Two Shepherd children, four and six years, respectively, cut and bruised.

The accident was a peculiar one and miraculously free from fatalities. The six day coaches of the train passed over the switch safely, but the Geneva and Heivolia, two Pullman cars, were

thrown from the track directly against the two express cars traveling west. The front part of the Heivolia was crushed and sustained the most damage.

Fortunately Mrs. Shepherd and her two children, bound from Manila to Washington, were the only occupants of this car. Every window in the Geneva was broken, and the impact was so terrific as to throw all the passengers to the floor violently.

The passengers were greatly frightened and it was some time before their fears could be quieted. Medical attention was given the injured at the Union Station.

The accident occurred at a time when suburban traffic into the Union Station was heavy, and in a few minutes the yard yards were congested with local traffic.

DEATH, PERIL AND RESCUES MARK FIRES OF A NIGHT

Seven Firemen Dragged Out Unconscious at Blaze in Factory.

All through the night and early morning fires were burning forth in different parts of the city, and to-day when the firemen staggered back to their quarters, some weak from exhaustion, others sick from smoke and gases, many had to be taken to their homes.

Seven firemen, ordered by their chief to the cellar of a burning building at No. 130 William street, were wading waist-deep in water early to-day when a gas pipe running through the cellar burst.

The firemen breathed the poison into their lungs as they tried to reach the stem leading to the first floor, and one by one they fell unconscious.

There was a rush for the cellar. The water was rising fast, and the cellar was dark as pitch. Down the narrow stairs ran the rescuers only to breathe in the gas and fall. Others came behind, holding their breath while they worked, dived through the muddy water.

First the rescuers came upon Lloyd Campbell, of Engine Company No. 11. They brought out "Bert" Keane, of No. 15, Fireman Schaefer, of No. 12, and a man named Hook and Ladder No. 12, Lieut. Percus, son of No. 12 Hook and Ladder, was still missing. In a corner of the flooded cellar he was finally found and carried to the street.

While the police and doctors were trying to save the lives of these twenty-four other firemen became ill or unconscious from gas. The gas found its way to the street and was so heavy an explosion was feared.

This first started in the cellar of a five-story building occupied by Klump Hornbottle & Haupt, wholesale stationers.

While at this work Lieut. Conkley and Fireman Scanlon, of Engine No. 6, fell through a hatchway into the flooded cellar. Both were badly bruised and cut.

The loss was about \$5,000. The fire is supposed to have started from the leaky gaspipes.

**ONE WOMAN DEAD,
THIRTY OTHERS
ARE RESCUED.**

Mrs. Annie Lenihan, an aged widow, was suffocated in a fire that wrecked the tenement-house at No. 423 East Seventeenth street, and brave, skilled work by policemen and firemen saved many others from death.

More than thirty women and children were carried down the fire-escapes of this house after egress through the halls and stairways had been cut off by flames and smoke.

Not until the firemen were going through the building after the blaze was under control was Mrs. Lenihan found. She had been awakened by the shouts of the inmates of the tenement, and made her way to a window, which was frozen fast and resisted her feeble strength when she tried to open it. Then she crept back to bed, pulled a mattress over her head and smothered to death in the suffocating smoke that sifted into her flat from the halls.

The tenement, a six-story structure, was the home of twenty families, all of whom were fast asleep when a citizen passing on the street at 4.30 o'clock saw flames shooting from the hallway. The alarm was given by Policeman Fink, and Policemen Harry Murtha and Charles Humbertel ran to the burning house.

The awakened tenants had tried to escape by the stairs and then taken to the fire-escapes.

Murtha climbed up a water-pipe and leaped to the escape. He tried to lower the ladder, but it was frozen fast. Then he took men, women and children alike and tossed them into the arms of Policeman Fink below.

Saved Mother and Babe.

Gradually he made his way past the fighting tenants to the top floor, where he found Doshon Drogawatchkin, his wife, Elizabeth, and their three-year-old daughter.

Murtha took the mother and child in his arms, and ordering the man before him pushed his way down the escape and handed them over to Fink. Then back up the escape went Murtha. On the second floor he found David Bergman, his wife and four children, and his sister-in-law and her two children and brought them out.

Humbertel climbed to the top floor and took Mrs. Kate McMahon, a woman weighing 250 pounds, down the fire-escape and dropped her from the ladder on the first floor.

Returning up the ladder, the policeman saw Mrs. Teresa Kozlowski, a large woman, standing in the window of the third floor preparing to leap. Before he could warn her she jumped through space.

After being struck the fire-escape, and as she bounded off the fire on the policeman's back, he held fast, and the woman was saved from falling to her death.

On the top floor the policeman found Mrs. Julia Bell, and her eight weeks old baby. The policeman bundled the two into his arms and carried them to safety.

BOY BLOWN TO DEATH THROUGH WALL IN CRASH

Workman Also Fatally Hurt When Bursting Boiler Wrecked Cider Mill.

PATERSON, N. J., Dec. 5.—An explosion which occurred at noon to-day in the cider works of George Winters, at Freshness, six miles from here, resulted in the death of Herbert Winters, the fourteen-year-old son of the proprietor, and fatal injuries to Philip Beck, forty-five years old, a workman, who was operating one of the cider presses at the time. Beck had his skull fractured and both eyes blown out.

The explosion was caused by the boy turning on the exhaust pipe in the boiler-room and not saying anything about it to the workman.

Beck was in the place alone when young Herbert Winters, who is five years old, burst through the cider mill, across the road from the cider mill, and into the engine room. Noticing that steam was escaping and not knowing that the exhaust pipe had been left open, he shut the exhaust. He then went out into the mill and talked with Beck for some time, but said nothing about having shut off the exhaust. He wandered around for a while and again went into the engine room. He scarcely got in when there was a terrific explosion. The boiler bursting and wrecking the entire plant.

Young Winters was blown through the side of the building and his body literally torn to pieces. Beck was hurled some distance against the wall where he was rendered unconscious and wrecked on the head by flying debris. The noise of the explosion was heard for miles around and brought a throng to the scene. George Winters, the father of the boy, rushed across from his house, but before he could aid in any way, the entire plant was a mass of flames, and it was with considerable difficulty that Beck was rescued from the building. An ambulance was summoned from the General Hospital and Beck was brought here.

The damage spread to a barn nearby and that was soon destroyed, together with the cider plant. In this barn there were two cows, two horses, forty tons of hay, three wagons and a quantity of farm implements, all of which were burned.

Besides the machinery in the mill there were about 150 barrels of cider destroyed. Mr. Winters places his loss at between \$5,000 and \$6,000.

GEN. FENA DEAD.

BUENOS AYRES, Argentina, Dec. 5.—Gen. Luis Saenz Pena, ex-President of the Argentine Republic, 1892-5, died yesterday at the age of seventy-seven.

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THE possession of a piano in these days is a necessity and not a luxury, for music is easily a part of a liberal education. And it is not a significant fact that the musical taste of the public is becoming elevated when we consider that 80 per cent. of the piano business of to-day is the exchanging of old or unsatisfactory pianos for new ones?

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